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THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Vol. XXI.

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THE CLIFTON SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

Or Clifton's "airy rocks" an Engraving, and description, with some supplementary details by a friend and correspondent, will be found in our fourteenth volume. The stupendous bridge represented on the opposite page is a subsequent addition, presenting a splendid mechanical triumph even of this scientific age.

The engineer of this magnificent work is Mr. Brunel. The time chosen for its commencement was singularly appropriate; it being on Saturday, August 27, 1836, the closing day of the fifth meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, held at Bristol, in the above year. Touching this anniversary, a contemporary neatly observes: "the place of meeting had advantages peculiar to itself. The north of Somerset is a county of great geological interest: it connects itself by an interesting chain of geological gradations with the much debated carbonaceous district of Devonshire, and its blue lias quarries are in themselves a fossil museum. And, moreover, as lovers of science are not unfrequently idle men, (with respect be it spoken,) and lovers of pleasure, to their investigations were offered the magnificent scenery of the northern coast of Devon—Portlock, Linton, Ilfracombe, and Clovelly—names treasured among the tenderest recollections of travellers in search of the picturesque. Who, too, had not heard of that delightful excursion of a day, from Wells to Weston, if he had never been fortunate enough to make it—a day's journey, which includes within it a visit to the remarkable cavern of Wokky, the cliffs of Cheddar, the bone-cave, more correctly the hyena den, of Banwell, and the bay of Weston. Again, northward, there were the Severn and the Wye, offering themselves to the use of the Association, for an excursion to Chepstow and Tintern; and last, but not least of objects of interest, was Clifton itself, with its vast limestone cliffs, or rather quarries, crowned with terrace upon terrace, and crescent upon crescent, of Bath stone palaces."*

Preparatory to the laying of the first stone of the abutment of the bridge, on the Leigh or Somerset shore, an iron rod was stretched across the Avon; this, on Thursday, the 23rd of August, was precipitated from its airy height, in consequence of the breaking of a rope on the Clifton shore; one man only was slightly hurt, but the iron was driven above five feet deep in the bed of the river. Its appearance, when fished up again, was very curious, being not only crusted with mud, but bent into all the forms of the channel into which it had been precipitated. Its curves and contortions when once more elevated to its position, which was ably accom-

plished by Mr. Brunel, junior, made it a more picturesque object than it was before; and thousands visited the spot, which had become additionally interesting from the accident.

All things being made ready, at an early hour on Saturday morning, the Marquis of Northampton laid the first stone, after the customary ceremonies, which he followed with a pertinent address; a procession having proceeded to Clifton, under the direction of Lieutenant Claxton, R.N., with the usual insignia and decorations. Among the gentlemen present were Lord Sandon, Sir T. D. Acland, and Mr. Brunel, the engineer of the bridge. "The rocky ridges on both sides of the river," says the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, "were crowded with animated human life, and the effect amid such scenery can hardly be imagined, far less described. The water alone wanted some animation, for there was hardly a boat upon it, and an occasional steamer passing up and down scarcely redeemed it from stagnation. Four small balloons sent up from below the crag on the Leigh side, seemed to interest the multitude more than any thing else; and, in truth, it was pretty to see them float along over the uplifted gaze of these tens of thousands, on so beautiful a spot. At the conclusion, the rivulet, not the tide, of human existence winding down the serpentine path on the Clifton side was a curious spectacle. At the Gloucester Hotel, a breakfast was given by the Trustees of the Suspension Bridge to about three hundred persons; several gentlemen addressed the assembly, and the cheering was not the less loud, because tea, and not wine, was circulating at the tables. The reception of the elder Brunel must have been peculiarly gratifying to his feelings.

"On the evening of this day, Messrs. Laxton and Tait, two young engineers, got into a basket-car, and were drawn across the rod. Some obstacle occurred about midway, when the rope by which they were being pulled across, was obliged to be loosened; and this at a time when the *Benledi* steamer was passing below. Her mast caught the line, and had it not been cut with great presence of mind, in all probability, a fatal catastrophe would have attended this adventurous attempt. As it was, the oscillation of the rod with the suspended car was appalling, and the terror of the spectators was scarcely appeased when they saw the parties drawn back in safety to the shore."

The elevation of the bridge from high-water mark is 330 feet; the distance between the piers, 630 feet; and the height of the piers, 70 feet. The estimated cost of this noble work is 57,000*l*. The Engraving is copied from a clever lithograph, drawn by T. L. Rowbotham, and published by George Davey, Broad Street, Bristol.

* Magazine of Popular Science, vol. ii. p. 132-133.

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THE YOUTH AND THE SUNFLOWER.
From the French of the *Messager Fribourgeois*.

YOUTH.

MAJESTIC flower in rich array,
With gold-crown'd forehead, pr thee say,
Since I'm so curious to learn,
Why thou towards the Sun should'st turn?

THE SUNFLOWER.

'Twas he preserv'd me in the earth,
'Twas he at length that gave me birth;
Each fold'd leaf did he unfold,
And crown'd my head with purest gold;
'Tis thus my gratitude I show
To him from whom these blessings flow:
Thou, lovely youth, so fair, so gay,
As thou art trav'ling on thy way,
By me a wholesome lesson learn,
And ever to thy Maker turn.

Defect.

T. S. A.

Fine Arts.

THE VENUS DE MEDICIS.

THE following curious account of the means by which the Venus de Medicis lost one of its fingers, and which has been replaced by a modern artist, is given in the *Giornale Enciclopedico*:—In the time of Cosmo III., Lord Ossory, being one day in the company of the Grand Duke, contemplating this wonderful statue, offered him a hundred thousand livres for it, if he could be induced to part with it; saying, that in two months he would procure the money, and a ship for the purpose of conveying it to England. The Grand Duke smiled at the proposal, but, without making any reply, turned towards the Marquis Malaspina, and desired him to note down his lordship's name, and the affair ended as a piece of pleasantry. Lord Ossory had a red cornelian, representing a Cupid, which the Grand Duke having seen some days before, had admired so much, that his lordship wished to make him a present of it: his Highness, however, would not accept of it; and upon this occasion the Englishman, with a delicate generosity, requested Cosmo, though he would not consent to part with the Venus, at least to permit him to marry her; to which the Grand Duke having consented, his lordship put the ring on the finger of the goddess, and fixed it as firmly as possible; thus finding means to gratify the duke with the cornelian, without wounding his pride. Cosmo, thinking the representative of Cupid agreeable to the subject of the statue, suffered the ring to remain; and the statue would still have been adorned with it, had not a person clandestinely entered the gallery one day, and attempted to appropriate the ring to himself; but being obliged to force it off, and fearful, perhaps, that he should be discovered, in his haste broke the finger. He, however, must have failed in his attempt, although in what manner is not stated, the ring being still preserved, appended to a little gold chain, in the crystal cabinet of the royal gallery.

W. G. C.

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The Contemporary Traveller.

TWO ATTEMPTS TO ASCEND CHIMBORAZO.

BY ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

(Continued from page 136.)

AFTER an hour of cautious climbing, the ridge of rock became less steep; but, alas! the mist remained as thick as ever. We now began gradually to suffer from great nausea. The tendency to vomiting was combined with some giddiness; and much more troublesome than the difficulty of breathing. A coloured man (a mestizo of San Juan), not from selfish motives, but merely out of good nature, had been unwilling to forsake us. He was a poor, vigorous peasant, and suffered more than we did. We had hæmorrhage from the gums and lips. The conjunctiva of the eyes, likewise, was, in all, gorged with blood. These symptoms of extravasation in the eyes, and of oozing from the lips and gums, did not in the least disquiet us, as we had repeatedly experienced them before. In Europe, M. Zumstein began to experience hæmorrhage at a much lower elevation on Mont Rosa. The Spanish warriors during the conquest of the equinoctial region of America (during the Conquista), did not ascend above the snow line, thus but little above the elevation of Mont Blanc, and yet Acosta, in his *Historia Natural de las Indias*,—a kind of physical geography, which may be called a master-piece of the 16th century,—speaks circumstantially of "Nausea and Spasm of the Stomach," as painful symptoms of the *mountain-sickness*, which in these respects is analogous to *sea-sickness*. On the volcano of Pichincha I once felt, without experiencing hæmorrhage, so violent an affection of the stomach, accompanied by giddiness, that I was found senseless on the ground, just as I left my companions on a wall of rock above the defile of Verde-Cucha, in order to perform some electrical experiments on a perfectly open space. The height was inconsiderable, below 13,800 feet. But on the Antisana, at the considerable elevation of 17,220 feet, our young travelling companion, Don Carlos Montufar, bled freely from the lips. All of these phenomena vary according to age, constitution, the tenderness of the skin, the preceding exertions of the muscular powers; yet for single individuals they are a kind of measure of the atmospheric tenuity, and of the absolute elevation reached. According to my observations in the Cordilleras, these symptoms manifest themselves in white people, with a mercurial column between 14 inches,—and 15 inches 10 lines. It is known that the estimates regarding heights, which æronauts maintain that they have reached, generally deserve but little credit, and if a more certain and extremely accurate observer, M. Gay Lussac, who, on the 16th

Notes of a Reader.

THE MONK OF SEVILLE.—BY CAPTAIN MARRYAT.

(From the *New York Mirror*.)

THE scene which we have, with permission, given to our readers, is extracted from a play entitled "The Monk of Seville." It was, we believe, commenced by Captain Marryat when he was in England, and has been finished since he has been in this country. The plot has been borrowed from himself, being taken from one of the stories in the *Tales of a Pacha*.

The heir of one of the noblest houses in Spain, has, by peculiar circumstances, been reared up in a monastery, and has been persuaded by the monks, who are aware of his birth and his rights, to take the vows, that their monastery may be enriched by his inheritance. Being an excellent musician, he has been permitted to give lessons in his art, for the benefit of the establishment; and, by thus partially mixing with the world, he has imbibed a taste for it—and contrives to gratify it by dressing himself as a Spanish cavalier—in which disguise, if we may use the expression, he has, as an unknown, excited, for some time, the envy and surmises of the other gallants of Seville. At the period at which the play opens, the hero has just deserted Donna Seraphina, a wealthy lady, passionately attached to him, for the sake of Isidora, of the house of Guzman, who, unknown, of course, to either of them, is his cousin. The plot consists in the mystery occasioned by his two opposite characters, and the love and jealousy created from his position. At last, all is discovered; but his relations purchase his freedom from punishment, and absolution from his vows, by large sacrifices—and he is now the acknowledged head of the house of Guzman. Every difficulty is overcome—he is about to be united to Isidora, when he perishes through the jealousy of the Lady Seraphina, whom he had deserted. The underplot is of a highly comic nature, and is, of course, interwoven into the play, independent of the original story.

The scene here selected may be taken as a specimen of the writing of the whole play. It is where Gaspar, the monk, as a cavalier, serenades Isidora, and she is anxious to discover his name and condition.

Scene III.—Moonlight. A garden belonging to the house of Donna Ines. A balcony looking into the garden. Donna Isidora and Nina discovered on the balcony.

Isidora. He comes not yet.

Nina. Senora, 'tis not time.

Isi. 'Tis more than time: I heard the convent bell strike long ago.

Nina. 'Twas not the hour of night, but the sad toll, announcing some high obsequy.

Isi. Yet still, 'tis time he came.

pland at the height of 15,000 feet; we saw a fly 1,600 feet higher. The following facts afford the most striking proof that these animals are involuntarily carried up into those upper regions by the current of air which rises from the warmed plains. As Boussingault ascended the Silla de Caracas, to repeat my measurement of the mountain, he saw from time to time, at the height of 8,000 feet, at noon, as the west wind blew, whitish bodies rapidly pass through the air, which he at first took for soaring birds with white plumage, that reflected the sun's rays. These bodies rose with great rapidity out of the valley of Caracas, and surmounting the summit of Silla, took a north-east direction, and reached probably the sea. Some fell upon the southern acclivity of the Silla; they were grass-halms, that had reflected the sun's rays. Boussingault sent me some of these, which still had ears, in a letter to Paris, where my friend and fellow-labourer, Kunth, instantly recognised them as the *Wilfa tenacissima*, which grows in the valley of Caracas, and which he has described in our work, *Novæ Generæ et Species Plantarum Americæ Equinoctialis*. I must remark, that we met with no condor on Chimborazo, that powerful vulture, which is so frequent on the Andiana and Pichincha, and which shows great confidence from its ignorance of man. The condor loves pure air, in order the easier from on high to recognise its prey or its food, for it gives dead animals the preference.

As the weather became more and more cloudy, we hastened down upon the same ledge of rock, that had favoured our ascent. Caution, however, on account of the uncertainty of the steps, was more necessary than in climbing up. We tarried only just to collect fragments of rock. We foresaw that in Europe "a little bit of Chimborazo" would be asked for. At that time, no mountain rock in any part of South America had been named; the rocks of all the high summits of the Andes were called granite. As we were at the height of about 17,400 feet, it began to hail violently. The hailstones were opaque, and milk-white, with concentric layers, some appeared considerably flattened by rotation, twenty minutes before we reached the lower limit of perpetual snow, the hail was replaced by snow. The flakes were so dense, that the snow soon covered the ridge of rock many inches deep; we should have been brought into great danger, had the snow surprised us at the height of 18,000 feet. At a few minutes after two o'clock, we reached the point where our mules were standing. The natives that remained behind, had been very apprehensive for our safety.

Nina. And here he would have been, but you forget
You chided him for venturing so early.
Isi. He does not wish to come. I will not see him.
Tell him my resolution.

[*Exit petulantly, Nina following.*]

Enter Gaspar, in the dress of a cavalier.

Gaspar. I overheard your vented thoughts, sweet
girl!

She counts the minutes by her throbbing heart,
And that beats time too fast.
Now will she hang her head, and weep awhile,
Like flow'rets waiting for the morning sun,
That raise their mournful heads at his approach;
And every dew-drop, like a diamond, glistens
While they exhale sweet perfume in their joy.
Thus, at our meeting, smiling through her tears,
Will she appear more fresh and beautiful!

*Re-enter Isidora and Nina; as they appear, Gaspar
retires.*

Isi. The moon's so bright, that faintly you dis-
cover

The little stars that stud th' unclouded heaven—
The wind but scarcely moves the trembling aspen—
And not a sound breaks through the still of night
All nature's hush'd; and every passion lull'd,
Save love, or fierce revenge. Is this a night
To play the laggard, false, but beloved Gaspar?

Nina. He patient, lady; he will soon be here.

Isi. He cannot, sure, be false.

Peregrine some danger hangs upon his steps—

Men are so envious of the fair and good.

Nina. Senora, look! I see him in the distance.

Isi. He comes! Where, Nina? Oh, yes! that is
he.

Well, now, I'll vex him. Nina, quickly, yes!

I vow I will not show myself this night.

[*Exit Isidora.*]

Nina. I wish I had ten duets on the hazard.

[*Exit Nina.*]

Gaspar sings to his guitar, without.

Song—(Mournful strain.)

The mocking moon doth coldly fling
Her rays upon my breast of flame;
And echo mocks me as I sing,
Oh, my guitar! to thee what shame!
She answers not—though thy best strain
Is loudly hymning forth her name—
Isidora! Isidora!

[*Isidora appears at the balcony. A livelier strain.*]

No more the moon doth mock me now—

Her bright rays glad my breast of flame—

And echo, beautiful art thou!

Oh, my guitar! to thee no shame!

She comes! I love throned upon her brow.

My strings hymn forth once more her name!
Isidora! Isidora!

Enter Gaspar, who approaches the balcony.

Isi. Why hast thou staid so late? Did not the
moon

Turn on my anxious features her soft rays,
Thou wouldst perceive how fretfulness and tears
Have doubled every minute of thy absence.

Gas. And would'st were day, that thou, sweet love,
might see

The fervid passion stamped upon my brow,
I dare not disobey thy late commands;
Yet did I fret, and chafe the bit of duty,
Like some proud battle-steed, arching his neck,
Spurning the earth, impatient for the fray.

Isi. And my young heart throbs with its new
delight!

E'en now it fain would burst its cords asunder,
And make one joyous bound into thy bosom.

Say, Gaspar, dost thou fondly, truly love me?

Gas. Do I love thee, Isidora?

If it were not for thee, sweet love,
The world would be a blank—and this existence
A dreary void I would not stirle through.

But, having thee, a paradise it is.

So full of perfumed airs, and flow'rets sweet,
I would resist the angel's flaming sword,
If it were raised between our plighted loves.
Ere I would be from thy loved presence thrust.
Thou art the heaven of my idolatry!
For thee I live and move—for thee I breathe!
For thee, and for thy love, if thou knewst at all—

Isi. I would know all. There's mystery about
thee!

Gaspar, thine image here's so deeply graven,
That naught can e'er efface it! Trust me, then, how,
As I would thee. There's not a thought I own,
No, not a fond emotion of my soul,
Not e'en the slightest ripple o'er the mind,
When calm and pensive, as it used to be,
But I would share it with thee.

Oh, couldst thou view my heart, and see thyself

So firm imbedded in its deep recesses,

Thou wouldst be confident!

If thou shouldst be ignoble fear not me.

Love shall draw out thy patent of descent,

And trace thy ancestry to more than mortal.

If thou hast hated, and hast sought revenge,

Yet fear not me, dear Gaspar.

Whate'er priests say, it is a noble passion,

And holds an empire in the heart of man,

Equal, in strength and dignity, with love.

Be it a tale of sorrow, or of crime,

(Oh, say 'tis not the last!) still let me share it—

That I may comfort thee, whenever we meet,

And mourn it only when I grieve thine absence.

Gas. My Isidora, of thou'lt press'd me thus.

Since thou wilt hear it, then, it shall be told—

But one sad chance, most fatal to us both,

Is fetter'd to it.

Isi. And what is that, my Gaspar?

Gas. That once reveal'd, we ne'er may meet again.

Isi. Then I'll not hear! Away with prying thoughts,

So fraught with mischief! Never see thee more!

Then might the angel pour the phial out—

That phial of fierce wrath, which is to quench

The sun, the moon, the host of stars in blood!

Not see thee more! Then may they work my shroud,

And eul the flowers to strew my maiden cone.

Without thee, Gaspar, I should surely die!

Wert thou the ruler of the universe,

Commanding all, I could not love thee more!

Wert thou a branded slave, from bondage 'scap'd,

'Tis now too late—I could not love thee less!

Gas. [*Aside.*] One soul so pure, redeems a world
of sin!

Thou heav'n, that I have mock'd, Oh, hear me now,

And spare! Oh, let her not feel the bitter pang

Of disappointed love! Draw the barb gently,

That she may sigh her soul away, and sleep

Throughout her passage to a better world!

Isi. What say at thou, Gaspar?

Gas. I called down blessings, loveliest, on thy
head.

Heav'n grant my prayer!

Isi. I, too, have pray'd for thee, and will again.

But speak to me: Why didst thou come so late?

How short, methinks, are nights. There's hardly
time

For those who've toil'd, to gain their needful rest—

For those who wake to whisper half their love.

Gas. Night is our day, and day becomes our night:

Love changes all—o'er nature rules a preme—

Alters her seasons—mocks her wisest laws—

And, like the prophet, checks the planets' course.

But, from this world of hate, the night has fled,

And I must live me hence. Oh, Isidora!

Although my seeming's doubtful, yet remember,

'Tis true as heaven, I love thee.

Isi. I'm sure thou dost; and, feeling thus assured,

I am content.

Enter Nina, hastily, from the balcony.

Nina. Madam, the lady I ne'er pass'd your door.

And, passing, tried the bolt: e'en now I hear

Her footsteps in the corridor.

Isi. We must away. Dear Gaspar, fare the well!

Nina shall tell thee when we next can meet.

[*Exit Isidora and Nina at balcony.*]

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Gas. So parts the miser from his hoarded wealth,
And eyes the casket when the keys are gone.
I must away.
The world e'en now awakes, and the wan moon
Like some tired sentinel, his vigil o'er,
Sinks down behind yon trees. The morning mist
Already seeks the skies, ascending straight,
Lifefans' pray'rs, or souls of holy martyrs.
The world will not revolve another hour,
Ere hives of men will pour their millions forth
To seek their food by labour, or supply
Their wants by plunder, flattery, or deceit.
Avarice again will count the dream'd-of hoards—
Nay and rancour stab—while dreaming Charity
Will bind the fest'ring wounds that feuds have given.
The world of sin and selfishness awakes
Once more to swell its catalogue of crime,
So monstrous, that it wearies patient heaven.
I must away.

[Exit.]

The Shethy Book.

EDUCATION IN THE FIFTEENTH AND SIXTEENTH CENTURIES.

Among the most eminent men of a very remarkable period of English history, is Sir Thomas More, the records of whose early life and private history throw some light upon the education of the time. More was born in London, in 1480, five years before the accession of Henry VII. to the throne. He was instructed in the first rudiments of education at a free grammar-school in Threadneedle-street, a seminary of considerable eminence, but affording means of improvement very unequal to what, in the present time, may be procured at a grammar-school of reputation. As a further step in his education, More was placed in the family of Cardinal Morton. In those days a man of inferior rank could alone hope to reach distinction through a patron, in whose family the politeness, elegance, and knowledge of the age were to be found: for, while there was no middle rank of respectability, and the bulk of the community laboured under poverty and ignorance, the patronage of the great was necessarily courted by men of learning, as their only resource, and distinguished scholars had a ready access to the tables of persons of condition, at a period when the possession of learning was so rare. "At the same time, the internal economy of a great man's family, resembling, on a smaller scale, that of the monarch, was the proper school for acquiring the manners most conducive to success at court. Persons of good condition were consequently eager to place their sons in the families of the great, as the worst road to fortune. In this station, it was not accounted degrading to submit even to menial offices; while the greatest barons of the realm were proud to officiate as stewards, cup-bearers, carvers to the monarch, a youth of good family could wait at table, or carry the train of a man of high condition, without any loss of dignity." More soon

attracted particular notice among the cardinal's retinue, and was pointed out by him to the nobility who frequented his house, as a boy of extraordinary promise. "This child here waiting at table," he would say, "whoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man." Listening daily to the conversation, and observing the conduct of such a personage, More naturally acquired more extensive views of men and things than any other course of education could, in that backward age, have supplied. At the age of seventeen, More was sent by his patron to Oxford, where a better taste in literature had lately been introduced, and he had there the advantage of attending the lectures on Greek and Latin. More, subsequently, became lord high chancellor, though he ultimately fell a victim to his conscientious refusal to sanction the wicked license of his sovereign Henry VIII. More wrote several learned works, and was not only a zealous cultivator, but a liberal patron of literature. He was twice married, his first wife being carefully instructed in literature, in music, in whatever seemed necessary to improve or adorn her mind; thus, she became a woman in whose society More might have spent the remainder of his days with delight. In the intervals of business, the education of his children formed his greatest pleasure. But it was in the accomplishments of his daughters that More found the most gratifying reward of his cares. His opinions respecting female education differed very widely from what the comparative rudeness of the age might have led us to expect. By nothing, he justly thought, is female virtue so much endangered as by idleness, and the necessity of amusement; nor against these is there any safeguard so effectual as an attachment to literature. Some security is indeed afforded by a diligent application to various sorts of female employments; yet these, while they employ the hands, give only partial occupation to the mind. But well chosen books at once engage the thoughts, refine the taste, strengthen the understanding, and confirm the morals. Female virtue, informed by the knowledge which they impart, is placed on the most secure foundations, while all the milder affections of the heart, partaking in the improvement of the taste and fancy, are refined and matured. More was no convert to the notion, that the possession of knowledge renders women less pliant; nothing, in his opinion, was so untractable as ignorance. Although to manage with skill the feeding and clothing of a family be an essential portion in the duties of a wife and a mother; yet to secure the affections of a husband, he judged it no less indispensable to possess the qualities of an intelligent and agreeable companion. Nor ought a husband, if he regards his own happiness, to turn aside from repairing the usual

• Life of More, by Macdarmid.

defects of female education. Never can he hope to be so truly beloved, esteemed, and respected, as when his wife confides in him as her friend, and looks up to him as her instructor. Such were the opinions, with regard to female education, which More maintained in discourse, and supported by practice. His daughters, rendered proficient in music, and other elegant accomplishments proper for their sex, were also instructed in Latin, in which language they read, wrote, and conversed, with the facility and correctness of their father. The results of this assiduous attention soon became conspicuous, and the school of More, as it was termed, attracted general admiration. In the meantime their stepmother, a notable economist, by distributing tasks, of which she required a punctual performance, took care that they should not remain unacquainted with female works, and with the internal management of a family. For all these purposes, which together appear so far beyond the ordinary industry of women, their time was found amply sufficient, because no part of it was wasted in idleness or trifling amusements.

More's family lived in a house which he had built at Chelsea, on a large scale, but with more attention to comfort than splendour. It was surrounded with gardens extending to the Thames, and in adorning these, a work which he himself superintended, he found incessant employment for that train of servants, which the custom of the age obliged persons of his rank to maintain. His collection of rare birds, quadrupeds, and other natural curiosities, afforded him another source of constant occupation. If any of his servants discovered a taste for reading, or an ear for music, he allowed them to cultivate their favourite pursuit. To preclude all improper conversation before chil-

dren and servants at table, a domestic was accustomed to read aloud certain passages, selected as to amuse at the time, and to afford matter for much entertaining conversation.

More, after saying that he devotes nearly the whole of the day abroad to others, and the remainder to his family at home, says: "I have for myself, that is for literature, no time at all. For, when I return home, I must needs converse with my wife, trifle with my children, talk with my servants. All these I account matters of business, since they cannot be avoided, unless a man should choose to be a stranger in his own family. It is, besides, as indispensable to our happiness, as to our duty, to render ourselves, by every means in our power, agreeable to those whom either nature, or chance, or choice, have rendered the companions of our lives."

—The breaking up of More's establishment at Chelsea, is circumstantially related. Upon his resigning the office of Lord Chancellor, he found that his yearly income would not exceed one hundred pounds, while the payment of his debts almost exhausted his money and valuable effects. His son-in-law informs us that after this, the whole of More's property, in gold and silver, (paper obligations were not then known,) did not, with the exception of his gold chain, the appendage of his rank, exceed the value of one hundred pounds. More dismissed his whole train of retainers and state servants; but with that affectionate concern which overlooked no one around him, he procured for them all suitable appointments in families of distinction. He gave his great barge to Sir Thomas Audley, his successor in the chancellorship, with whom he placed his eight watermen; and his fool, or jester, the distinguishing appendage of high rank in those days, he presented to the Lord Mayor of London, and



("Sir Thomas More's House;" from Faulkner's History of Chelsea.)

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his successors in office.—Erasmus, speaking of More's charitable disposition, says: "You might call him the benefactor of all the needy." In the neighbourhood of his residence at Chelsea, he erected a house for aged people, who were maintained at his expense; and it was the province of his favourite daughter, Margaret, to superintend this establishment, and see all the wants of its feeble inmates duly relieved.

This lady was as celebrated for her learning, as beloved for her tender affection to her father in his hour of suffering. Erasmus called her the ornament of Britain, and the flower of the learned matrons of England, at a time when education consisted only of the revived study of ancient learning. She composed a beautiful account of her father's martyrdom.

Domestic Life in England.

New Books.

MEMOIRS OF JOSEPH GRIMALDI.

Edited by Rev.

[The substance of this work is stated by the Editor to be "some memoirs" of his life, which Grimaldi left behind him, which had previously been pruned by a Mr. Wilks, an acquaintance of the Clown and his connexion. Mr. Dickens assures us that "there has been no book-making in the case," and, barring a few phrases of Pickwickian point, and the alteration of the narrative from the first to the third person, there is little of the expansive craft in these pages. The incidents are clearly related; if not equally striking, they are always amusing, and mostly fraught with the kindly nature of their hero. After an introductory chapter, not one of the Editor's happiest performances, the biography opens; the paternal grandfather of Joseph Grimaldi being so vigorous a dancer as to rejoice in the appellation of "Iron Legs." His son, the father of our Grimaldi, was a native of Genoa, and in 1760, came to England as dentist to Queen Charlotte. He soon, however, resigned this situation, commenced dancing and fencing master; and being highly successful, Mr. Grimaldi was appointed ballet-master of Drury Lane Theatre and Sadlers Wells, with the situation of primo buffo. He was an honest and charitable man, and was never known to be indebted, though he was very eccentric.]

A singular trait in this individual's character, was a vague and profound dread of the 14th day of the month. At its approach he was always nervous, disquieted and anxious: directly it had passed he was another man again, and invariably exclaimed, in his broken English, "Ah! now I am safe for another month." If this circumstance were unaccompanied by any singular coincidences it would be scarcely worth mentioning; but it is remarkable that he actually died on the

14th day of March; and that he was born, christened, and married on the 14th of the month. There are other anecdotes of the same kind told of Henri Quatre, and others; this one is undoubtedly true, and it may be added to the list of coincidences or presentiments, or by whatever name the reader pleases to call them, as a veracious and well-authenticated instance.

This was the same man who, in the time of Lord George Gordon's riots, when people, for the purpose of protecting their houses from the fury of the mob, inscribed upon their doors the words "No Popery,"—actually, with the view of keeping in the right with all parties, and preventing the possibility of offending any by his form of worship, wrote up "No Religion at all;" which announcement appeared in large characters in front of his house, in Little Russel-street. The idea was perfectly successful; but whether from the humour of the description, or because the rioters did not happen to go down that particular street, we are unable to determine.

On the 18th of December, 1778, the year in which Garrick died, Joseph Grimaldi, "Old Joe," was born, in Stanhope-street, Clare Market; a part of the town then, as now, much frequented by theatrical people, in consequence of its vicinity to the Theatres. At the period of his birth his eccentric father was more than seventy years old, and twenty-five months afterwards another son was born to him,—Joseph's only brother.

Grimaldi first on the Stage.

The child did not remain very long in a state of helpless and unprofitable infancy, for at the age of one year and eleven months he was brought out by his father on the boards of Old Drury, where he made his first bow and his first tumble. The piece in which his precocious powers were displayed was the well-known pantomime of Robinson Crusoe, in which the father sustained the part of the Shipwrecked Mariner, and the son performed that of the Little Clown. The child's success was complete: he was instantly placed on the establishment, accorded a magnificent weekly salary of fifteen shillings, and every succeeding year was brought forward in some new and prominent part. He became a favourite behind the curtain as well as before it, being henceforth distinguished in the green-room as "Clever little Joe;" and Joe he was called to the last day of his life. In 1783, he first appeared at Sadlers Wells, in the arduous character of a monkey; and here he was fortunate enough to excite as much approbation, as he had previously elicited in the part of Clown at Drury Lane. He immediately became a member of the regular company at this theatre, as he had done at the other; and here he remained, (one season

only excepted,) until the termination of his professional life, forty-nine years afterwards.

[Grimaldi, the father, was accustomed to chastise the child when he did not confine his fantastic tricks to the stage; and when at the theatre, the "severe but excellent parent" was especially strict.]

Lucky Escape.

On one of these occasions, when he was dressed for his favourite part of the little clown in Robinson Crusoe, with his face painted in exact imitation of his father's, which appears to have been part of the fun of the scene, the old gentleman brought him into the green room, and, placing him in his usual solitary corner, gave him strict directions not to stir an inch, on pain of being thrashed, and left him.

The Earl of Derby, who was at that time in the constant habit of frequenting the green-room, happened to walk in at the moment, and seeing a lonesome-looking little boy dressed and painted after a manner very inconsistent with his solitary air, good naturedly called him towards him.

"Hollo! here, my boy, come here!" said the Earl.

Joe made a wonderful and astonishing face, but remained where he was. The Earl laughed heartily, and looked round for an explanation.

"He dare not move!" explained Miss Farnen, to whom his lordship was then much attached, and whom he afterwards married, "his father will beat him if he does."

"Indeed," said his lordship. At which Joe, by way of confirmation, made another face more extraordinary than his former contortions.

"I think," said his lordship, laughing again, "the boy is not quite so much afraid of his father as you suppose. Come here, sir!"

With this he held up half-a-crown, and the child, perfectly well knowing the value of money, darted from his corner, seized it with pantomimic suddenness, and was darting back again, when the Earl caught him by the arm.

"Here, Joe!" said the Earl, "take off your wig and throw it in the fire, and here's another half crown for you."

No sooner said than done. Off came the wig,—into the fire it went; a roar of laughter arose; the child capered about with a halfcrown in each hand; the Earl, alarmed for the consequences to the boy, busied himself to extricate the wig with the tongs and poker; and the father, in full dress for the Shipwrecked Mariner, rushed into the room at the same moment. It was luckily for "Little Joe" that Lord Derby promptly and humanely interfered, or it is exceedingly probable that his father would have prevented

any chance of *his* being buried alive at all events, by killing him outright.

As it was, the matter could not be compromised without his receiving a smart beating, which made him cry very bitterly, and the tears running down his face, which was painted "an inch thick," came to the "complexion at last," in parts, and made him look as much like a little clown as like a little human being, to neither of which characters he bore the most distant resemblance. He was "called" almost immediately afterwards, and the father, being in a violent rage, had not noticed the circumstance until the little object came on the stage, when a general roar of laughter directed his attention to his grotesque countenance. Becoming more violent than before, he fell upon him at once, and beat him severely, and the child roared vociferously. This was all taken by the audience as a most capital joke; shouts of laughter and peals of applause shook the house; and the newspapers next morning declared, that it was perfectly wonderful to see a mere child perform so naturally, and highly creditable to his father's talents as a teacher!

At Sadlers Wells he became a favourite almost as speedily as at Drury Lane. King, the comedian, who was principal proprietor of the former theatre and acting manager of the latter, took a great deal of notice of him, and occasionally gave the child a guinea to buy a rocking-horse or a cart, or some toy that struck his fancy. During the run of the first piece in which he played at Sadlers Wells, he produced his first serious effect, which, but for the good fortune which seems to have attended him in such cases, might have prevented his subsequent appearances on any stage. He played a monkey, and had to accompany the clown (his father) throughout the piece. In one of the scenes, the clown used to lead him on by a chain attached to his waist, and with this chain he would swing him round and round, at arm's length, with the utmost velocity. One evening, when this feat was in the act of performance, the chain broke, and he was hurled a considerable distance into the pit, fortunately without sustaining the slightest injury; for he was flung by a miracle into the very arms of an old gentleman who was sitting gazing at the stage with intense interest.

[This incident forms one of George Cruikshank's clever illustrations of the work. We pass over a laughable account of the "Little Clown" going to spend his Sundays at the house of his mother's father, on which occasions he wore embroidered coat and breeches, silk stockings, paste buckles, cocked hat, and a guinea in his pocket; upon one of which visits the boy gave the guinea to a distressed woman, for which act his father gave

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him a caning, (though not till five months after), which he remembered to his death.

Grimaldi's father died in 1788, leaving faded property to the amount of 15,000*l.*, to be divided between Joe and his brother; but, the executor becoming a bankrupt, within a year, the two boys lost the whole of their fortune. Offers of assistance poured in upon them, but all were declined by their mother; Joe stuck to the stage, and, at Drury Lane, Mr. Sheridan raised the boy's salary unasked, to 1*l.* per week; and soon after his brother John went to sea, on board a king's ship. Joseph, though now a mere boy, was far from idle: "he had to walk from Drury Lane to Sadlers Wells every morning to attend rehearsals, which then began at ten o'clock; to be back at Drury Lane to dinner by two, or go without it; to be back again at Sadlers Wells in the evening, in time for the commencement of the performances at six o'clock; to go through uninterrupted labour from that time until eleven o'clock, or later; and then to walk home again, repeatedly after having changed his dress twenty times in the course of the night."

The young Clown's leisure moments were passed in breeding pigeons and collecting insects, of which he had a cabinet of 4,000 specimens: he set great store on the Dartford blue fly, and many a night, having finished his business on the stage, has he started at midnight to walk to Dartford, fifteen miles from town; and having rested at a friend's there, he sallied forth next morning into the fields. "Upon one occasion he had held under his arm, during a morning rehearsal at Drury Lane, a box containing some specimens of flies: Mrs. Jordan was much interested to know what could possibly be in the box that Grimaldi carried about with him with so much care, and would not lose sight of for an instant, and in reply to her inquiry whether it contained anything pretty, he replied by exhibiting the flies. He does not say whether these particular flies, which Mrs. Jordan admired, were Dartford Blues, or not; but he gives us to understand that his skill in preserving and arranging insects was really very great, that all this trouble and fatigue were undertaken in a spirit of respectful gallantry to the most winning person of her time, and that having requested permission previously, he presented two frames of insects to Mrs. Jordan, on the first day of the new season, and immediately after she had finished the rehearsal of *Rosalind* in "As you like it." That Mrs. Jordan was delighted, that he was at least equally so, that she took the frames away in her carriage, and warmed his heart by telling him that his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence considered the flies equal, if not superior to any of the kind he had ever seen."

(To be continued.)

LOCKHART'S LIFE OF SIR WALTER SCOTT,
VOL. VI.

(Continued from page 63.)

[Our last extracts related the visits of the poet Moore, and Mrs. Coutts to Abbotsford. We now approach a more sombre subject, "the Commercial Mania of 1825," to which Scott fell a victim. Mr. Lockhart gives some twenty pages on Sir Walter's commercial affairs at this period, in which John Ballantyne is strangely described editing his newspaper "as Mr. Pott in *Pickwick* does his *Gazette of Eatanswill*." Surely, this simile is not in correct taste in the life of a man whose fame will last for ages: for, who, in reading these pages fifty years hence will comprehend "Pott, *Pickwick*, or *Eatanswill*," whose fame will be almost as unremembered as a slight newspaper event of yesterday; whilst it is to be hoped that the author of "*Pickwick*" will long outlive the pleasantries of his own invention. Perchance, this same *Life of Scott* may hereafter be annotated in the fashion of Boswell's *Life of Johnson*; when this anomalous comparison may serve as a peg whereon some over-ingenious editor may hang a long note of "*Pickwickians*;" and so this oversight may prove bookmaking *in futuro*. But, proceed we to pleasanter matters in Sir Walter's Own Diary, which seems to have originated in Scott's first sight of a transcript of Lord Byron's *Ravenna Diary*: he resolved thenceforth to attempt keeping a somewhat similar record. "A thick quarto volume, bound in vellum, with a lock and key, was forthwith procured." And Sir Walter began the journal which Mr. Lockhart commences quoting in the succeeding chapter.]

The Journal on which we are about to enter, has on the title page, "Sir Walter Scott, of Abbotsford, Bart., his Journal;"—and this footnote to *Journal*, "A hard word so spelt on the authority of Miss Sophia Scott, now Mrs. Lockhart." This is a little joke, alluding to a note-book kept by his eldest girl during one of the Highland expeditions of earlier days, in which he was accompanied by his wife and children. The motto is,—

"As I walked by myself,

I talked to myself,

And thus myself said to me."—*Old Song*.

These lines are quoted also in his review of Peppys's Diary. That book was published just before he left Edinburgh in July. It was, I believe, the only one he took with him to Ireland; and I never observed him more delighted with any book whatsoever. He had ever afterwards many of its queer turns and phrases on his lips.

[We proceed with quotations from the *Diary*.]

"Edinburgh, November 20, 1825.—I have all my life regretted that I did not keep a

regular Journal. I have myself lost recollection of much that was interesting; and I have deprived my family of some curious information by not carrying this resolution into effect. I have bethought me, on seeing lately some volumes of Byron's notes, that he probably had hit upon the right way of keeping such a memorandum-book, by throwing out all pretence to regularity and order, and marking down events just as they occurred to recollection. I will try this plan; and behold I have a handsome locked volume, such as might serve for a lady's Album. *Nota bene*, John Lockhart, and Anne, and I, are to raise a Society for the Suppression of Alms. It is a most troublesome shape of mendicity. Sir, your autograph—a line of poetry—or a prose sentence!—Among all the sprawling sonnets, and blotted trumpery that di-honours these miscellanies, a man must have a good stomach that can swallow this botheration as a compliment.

"I was in Ireland last summer, and had a most delightful tour.—There is much less of exaggeration about the Irish than might have been suspected. Their poverty is not exaggerated; it is on the extreme verge of human misery; their cottages would scarce serve for pig-sties, even in Scotland—and their rage seems the very refuse of a rag-shop, and are disposed on their bodies with such ingenious variety of wretchedness that you would think nothing but some sort of perverted taste could have assembled so many shreds together. You are constantly fearful that some knot or loop will give, and place the individual before you in all the primitive simplicity of Paradise. Then for their food, they have only potatoes, and too few of them. Yet the men look stout and healthy, the women buxom, and well-coloured.

Irish Wit and Humour.

"November 21, 1825.—I am enamoured of my journal. I wish the zeal may but last. Once more of Ireland. I said their poverty was not exaggerated—neither is their wit—nor their good humour—nor their whimsical absurdity—nor their courage. *Wit*.—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee. 'Remember, you owe me sixpence, Pat.'—'May your honour live till I pay you.' There was courtesy as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question.

"*Good-humour*.—There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin—butter-milk, potatoes—a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg every where else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness; while a Scotchman is thinking about the

term-day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world—while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his muffin is not well roasted—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable, to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all, at all."

Lord Byron.

November 23.—On comparing notes with Moore, I was confirmed in one or two points which I had always laid down in considering poor Byron. One was, that like Rousseau he was apt to be very suspicious, and a plain downright steadiness of manner was the true mode to maintain his good opinion. Will Rose told me that once, while sitting with Byron, he fixed insensibly his eyes on his feet, one of which, it must be remembered, was deformed. Looking up suddenly, he saw Byron regarding him with a look of concentrated and deep displeasure, which wore off when he observed no consciousness or embarrassment in the countenance of Rose. Murray afterwards explained this, by telling Rose that Lord Byron was very jealous of having this personal imperfection noticed or attended to. In another point, Moore confirmed my previous opinion, namely, that Byron loved mischief-making. Moore had written to him, cautioning him against the project of establishing the paper called the *Liberal*, in communion with men on whom he said the world had set its mark. Byron showed this to the parties. Shelly wrote a modest and rather affecting expostulation to Moore. These two peculiarities of extreme suspicion and love of mischief are both shades of the malady which certainly tinged some part of the character of this mighty genius; and without some tendency towards which, genius perhaps cannot exist to great extent. The wheels of a machine to play rapidly must not fit with the utmost exactness, else the attrition diminishes the impetus.

"Another of Byron's peculiarities was the love of mystifying, which, indeed, may be referred to that of mischief. There was no knowing how much or how little to believe of his narratives. Instance: William Banks expostulating with him upon a dedication which he had written in extravagant terms of praise to Cam Hobhouse, Byron told him that Cam had bored him about this dedication till he had said, 'Well, it shall be so, provided you will write it yourself'; and affirmed that Hobhouse did write the high-coloured dedication accordingly. I mentioned this to Murray, having the report from Will Rose, to whom Banks had mentioned it. Murray, in reply, assured me that the dedication was written by Lord Byron him-

self, and I wrote to Banks, as the story passed to selected prose.

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self, and showed it to me in his own hand. I wrote to Rose to mention the thing to Banks, as it might have made mischief had the story got into the circle. Byron was disposed to think all men of imagination were addicted to mix fiction (or poetry) in their prose.

"I believe that he embellished his own amours considerably, and that he was, in many respects, *le fanfaron de vices qu'il s'avait pas*. He loved to be thought woful, mysterious, and gloomy, and sometimes hinted at strange causes. I believe the whole to have been the creation and sport of a wild and powerful fancy. In the same manner he crammed people, as it is termed, about duels and the like, which never existed or were much exaggerated.

"What I liked about Byron, besides his boundless genius, was his generosity of spirit as well as purse, and his utter contempt of all the affectations of literature, from the school-magisterial style to the hackadainical. His example has formed a sort of upper house of poetry;—but

There will be many peers,
Ere such another Byron."

Miraculous Preservation.

"November 24.—Dined with Robert Cockburn. Company, Lord Melville and family; Sir John and Lady Hope; Lord and Lady R. Kerr, and so forth. Combination of colliers general, and coals up to double price; the men will not work *although*, or rather *because* they can make from thirty to forty shillings per week. Lord R. Kerr told us he had a letter from Lord Forbes (son of Earl Granard, Ireland), that he was asleep in his house at Castle Forbes, when awakened by a sense of suffocation which deprived him of the power of stirring a limb, yet left him the consciousness that the house was on fire. At this moment, and while his apartment was in flames, his large dog jumped on the bed, seized his shirt, and dragged him to the stair-case, where the fresh air restored his powers of existence and of escape. This is very different from most cases of preservation of life by the canine race, when the animal generally jumps into the water, in which element he has force and skill. That of fire is as hostile to him as to mankind.

Mrs. Coutts.

"November 25.—Mrs. Coutts, with the Duke of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte Beauclerk, called to take leave of us. When at Abbotsford, his suite threw but coldly. She made me, I believe, her confidant in sincerity. She had refused him twice, and decidedly: he was merely on the footing of friendship. I urged it was akin to love. She allowed she might marry the duke, only she had at present not the least intention that way. Is this frank admission

more favourable for the duke than an absolute protestation against the possibility of such a marriage? I think not. It is the fashion to attend Mrs. Coutts's parties, and to j abuse her. I have always found her a kind, friendly woman, without either affectation or insolence in the display of her wealth; most willing to do good, if the means be shown to her. She can be very entertaining, too, as she speaks without scruple of her stage life. So much wealth can hardly be enjoyed without some ostentation. But what then? If the duke marries her, he ensures an immense fortune: if she marries him, she has the first rank. If he marries a woman older than himself by twenty years, she marries a man younger in wit by twenty degrees. I do not think he will dilapidate her fortune—he seems good and gentle: I do not think that she will abuse his softness—of disposition, shall I say, or of head? The disparity of ages concerns no one but themselves; so they have my consent to marry, if they can get each others. Just as this is written enter my Lord of St. Albans and Lady Charlotte, to beg I would recommend a book of sermons to Mrs. Coutts. Much obliged for her good opinion: recommended Logan's—one poet should always speak for another. The mission, I suppose, was a little display on the part of good Mrs. Coutts of authority over her high aristocratic suitor. I did not suspect her of turning *devotee*, and retract my consent as given above, unless she remains 'burly, brisk, and jolly.'

[We intend returning to this volume, as the remainder abounds with piquant notes and anecdotes.]

The Public Journals.

VENETIAN SKETCHES.

(From Venice and its Dependencies; in the Metropolitan.)

THERE is a romantic story preserved in the old Venetian chronicles, which shows us Love triumphant over the tomb, and restoring its victim to life and liberty.

Gherardo returned home from the crusade which had effected the conquest of Constantinople. The air was rent with joyful shouts, when his ship, laden with booty, approached and touched the shore. But the warrior rejoiced less in these acclamations than in the thought that he should again meet Elena, his beloved, his betrothed, who was now to become his bride. He hastily returns the embrace of his father, of his sisters, and his brothers; "and Elena," said he, "why, why, is she not with ye?" All were silent. Gherardo repeated his inquiry, and for answer received the terrible announcement of her death. The maiden had expired but a few hours before his gally touched the shore of Venice. He did not

weep. His grief was too sudden, too intense. "I will see her again," he thought; but he said nothing.

He went in a state of frenzy to the church in which she was interred, and by the gold which he lavished profusely opened the doors of the sacred retreat. There gleamed here and there a glittering lamp—the uncertain rays of the moon entered across the coloured panes of the Gothic window—the stillness of the sepulchre—the obscure depths of the lonely chapel—the solitude of the hour—the profound silence of all around, filled Gherardo with religious awe. He approached the tomb with slower steps, and his hand trembled as he grasped the handle of massive iron. It seemed to him an impious deed thus to disturb the peace of the dead. But love and despair prevailed, and, lifting the ponderous lid of the tomb, he beheld the maiden wrapped in ample folds of linen white as snow, extended on the bier: a veil was over the face. The rays of the moon, for the moment unclouded, fell over the figure. His delirium returned and he seemed as one scarcely conscious of what he did, and ready to die as he touched the veil. He roused himself, and raised it. The face of the maiden was pale as a lily, and the long, fair hair fell over her shoulders, and mixed in tresses on her breast: her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep, and a smile still rested on her half open lips.

"She sleeps!" cried Gherardo, in his frenzy. "O! waken in pity;" and he laid his arm under her. "Waitest thou the kiss of love to awaken thee? I give it thee!" Pressing, as he spoke, his lips on the wan cheek, he imagined there was a faint breathing, and somewhat of an uncertain warmth, as though life were not quite gone. He lifted her from the tomb, and placing his hand on her breast, believed the heart was forcibly beating.

Imagine Gherardo, ready to sink under these unexpected emotions, supporting himself against the sepulchre, with the maiden enveloped in white in his arms. Immovable as stone, and white as it, they seemed together a group of the statuary which adorned the sepulchre. The vital heat returned slowly into their breasts, and the fortunate maiden, whom her ignorant physicians, had believed to be dead, passed to the altar from the tomb.

The ducal palace, the principal ornament of the piazzetta, is a prodigy of the fine arts, unique in Europe. When it was in part destroyed by fire, towards the middle of the sixteenth century, Palladio, to whose great genius Venice is indebted for so much of her splendour, wished to take down that part which the fire had spared, and to erect in its place a building which would, more than any other, have remained an eternal monument of

his fame. Sansovino spent his life in embellishing this palace with the labours of his chisel. Tintinello, Paul Veronese, and Tician, lavished the treasures of their imagination on its adornment. Artificers so excellent were employed, that the ceilings are more rich and astonishing, from their exquisite and elaborate workmanship, than from the gold with which they are refulgent. The stairs, the jambs of the doors, the partition walls, all are finely worked in the most precious materials; and if the beauty and uselessness of this immense labour creates our highest wonder, it gives us on the other hand a definite idea of the wealth of these republicans, who were able to finish a work so stupendous in a very few years.

The principal entrance of the palace is on the side of St. Mark, and introduces us into a courtyard—the richest perhaps in Europe in sculptured marble. On each side it is adorned with Grecian statues, the reward of the victories of antiquity. In the midst are two walls, surrounded by a balustrade of bronze, one of the most complicated and beautiful works which the skill of the foundry has ever produced. The Staircase of the Giants, so named from the two semi-colossal statues of Mars and Neptune, by Sansovino, lead to the principal apartments. Before we enter, let us pause awhile on the summit of this staircase, the spot where the doges were crowned, and where they were decapitated when convicted of treason.

On Marino Faliero alone was this terrible sentence executed. We will recall the story of his crime and of his death.

Old age is considered, and not erroneously, to be the state most, of all others, exempt from the influence of the impetuous and vindictive passions: but, alas! for the world, when they become its masters. In youth there is little to fear, when their first fury, their impetus is spent; but in the aged, educated by years in dissimulation, the calculations of vengeance are cool and determined, and tremendous in their consequences.

Faliero, after having filled with honour the most splendid posts in Venetian diplomacy, united himself, at the age of seventy, to a young and beautiful woman. After his elevation by his fellow citizens to the ducal chair, he one day received several nobles in his private apartments. One uninvited guest introduced himself among the rest, induced thereunto by love for a lady, with whom he hoped to find here an opportunity of conversing. It was harshly intimated to him that he must withdraw. He obeyed in a state of much irritation; and as he crossed the state apartments, he passed through the audience chamber, in the midst of which stood the seat of the doge. On this he carved words with the point of his dagger, which could not fail of being most offensive

to Faliero, his wife. There was an infar, denounced this tribunal imprisonment.

When the light who had one frenzied thought, of the scene his face ex- bitterly o- struck him from me? not I ever

"I hold boldly," "and mine our count- mince"

The ag- words, de- this asser- to him th- object of Consiglio- may.

Faliero, in- afterwards- and aban- nance w-

Percha- must wit- power to- overthrow some eli- days, and- for his c- kept; fo- virtue, ar- to the on-

The or- for the m- the arist- the edge- spinator- whose a- scribed, the mo- following- succeeded- drawing- It was- council.

Too, wh- the head- doubtful- to instit- doubts v- the doge- of the re-

to Falerio, for they reflected on the honour of his wife. As soon as the scandalous sentence was pointed out to the aged doge, he was inflamed with the fiercest anger, and denounced the noble to the Quarantie. By this tribunal he was sentenced to one month's imprisonment, and a year of exile.

When the doge was made acquainted with the light punishment awarded to the man who had so deeply wounded him, he was as one frenzied; and in the very moment when his thoughts and feelings were in the greatest disorder, one of the chiefs or head-workmen, of the arsenal, presented himself before him, his face covered with blood, and complaining bitterly of a noble who had insulted and struck him. "And what wouldst thou have from me?" demanded the doge in agony, "Am not I even more despised than thou art?"

"I hold in my hand," exclaimed the other boldly, "the means of avenging your honour and mine own, at one stroke, and of releasing our country from the yoke of this despicable aristocracy which enslaves her."

The aged noble, astounded at these daring words, demanded how he was able to make this assertion. The other, in reply, opened to him the scheme of a vast conspiracy, the object of which was to decimate the Gran Consiglio, and reinstate the ancient democracy. The desire of vengeance seduced Falerio, in this fatal moment, and he had not afterwards the courage to retrace his steps and abandon the conspirators, whose principal reliance was upon his co-operation.

Perchance the old man satisfied himself in secret with the hope that it might be in his power to soften the horrors attendant on this overthrow of social order, and to create by some slight sacrifices, brighter and better days, and establish a more free government for his country. The secret was religiously kept; for crime has its religion as well as virtue, and men are oftentimes more faithful to the one than to the other.

The outbreak of the conspiracy was fixed for the morrow, the 15th of April, 1355, and the aristocracy of Venice slept tranquilly on the edge of the precipice. One of the conspirators, moved by affection for a noble, whose name was among those of the proscribed, entreated him to absent himself from the meeting of the Gran Consiglio on the following day. The noble was alarmed, and succeeded by interrogations and menaces in drawing from him the terrible secret.

It was night. The ten assembled in council. The sentinels were doubled. The Ten, when convinced that the doge was at the head of the conspiracy, hesitated at first, doubtful whether they had power sufficient to institute a process against him; but these doubts vanished, when they recollected that the doge was no other than the first subject of the republic. Falerio was summoned be-

fore his judges, and condemned to die; the ducal robes were stripped from him, he was led to the head of the Staircase of the Giants, and the axe of the executioner struck off his hoary head.

Now that we are about to enter the apartments of the palace, ought we to visit those first which are still refulgent with the wealth of past ages, or those in which an insidious policy exercised its hateful tyranny, and forced truth, and commanded falsehood, by torture from the lips of the suspected? We will first visit these, and after them the dungeons below; and these superb halls, decorated with truly regal splendour, will dazzle us less, when we remember the deep vaults which support them, and reflect on that base on which so noble an edifice is reared. Here are the balconies of the apartments, in which the inquisitors of the state assembled, all barred with iron lest the accused should seek to withdraw themselves by a speedy death from the lingering one of torture which awaited them, by casting themselves from their heights. There yet remains in these rooms, affixed to the arch, the pulley in which ran the rope destined to dislocate the limbs of those miserable beings, from whom this terrible tribunal sought to force by torture the confession of real or imputed crimes. It had, perhaps, been used, I thought as I gazed on it, to torture Carmagnola; perhaps this very arch resounded with the last imprecations of this great and most unfortunate man. The Count Carmagnola, after having fought gloriously for the ungrateful Visconti, allied himself with the Venetians, and was appointed general-in-chief of their armies, he carried terror into the states of the duke, and obtained numerous victories—the most famous of these was that of Macalo. He made eight thousand prisoners among the Lombard men at arms in this battle—among these were many who had fought under Carmagnola before his exile, and who still bore great affection for their ancient captain; nor had their leader forgotten his warriors; they were consequently received in the victorious camp rather as guests than enemies, and left in great measure at liberty, so that they who wished it, easily found means of returning to their own homes. The Venetian commissaries so harshly reproved the general for his carelessness, that, stung by the reprimand, he ordered the troops to be drawn up, and commanding the remaining prisoners to be conducted before him, "I will not," said he, be less generous than my officers. Lombards, rejoice your companions; I myself restore you to liberty." There arose a shout of joy from every company. The commissaries trembled, and the ruin of the count was sworn that day.

They so poisoned this fact in their report to the senate, that they threw strong suspicion

on the fidelity of Carmagnola. A single suspicion was in those days a capital crime. It was necessary to proceed cautiously, for the count possessed the love of the army, and the most consummate art in the records of history was thus employed for seven months in harassing him, whose death was already doomed.

Destiny willed that the illustrious proscribed should be worsted on the banks of the Po. The senate profited by the circumstance to show themselves willing to treat of peace, and invited the general to Venice, that he might aid them with his advice. The first magistrates of the state went out to meet him. The acclamations of the vast crowds of people, the numerous gondolas, decked with flowers, which awaited and greeted his approach—all was there which could give his entrance the air of a triumph. On the very day of his arrival, Carmagnola was introduced into the hall of the Pregadi, and placed in the seat of honour, on the right hand of the doge. Scarcely had he and his followers withdrawn, before various expedients were discussed, by which he might be got rid of without danger.

On the morrow, the count presented himself before the doge, and inquired whether any decision had been arrived at. "There is much talk of you," said the doge with a smile, and he conducted him by the hand into the hall where the Pregadi were already in council.

Scarcely had he entered before he was disarmed, and chained by their officers. The profound silence, which at first reigned in the assembly, was soon broken by vehement accusations against Carmagnola, who replied to them with dignity. He was dragged into the adjoining apartments of the inquisition, and subjected to torture, and the wounds he had received in battle burst open afresh, and the blood streamed from them on the floor. In a very few hours from this time, there, of the piazzetta, where he had landed yesterday amid the shouts and plaudits of assembled Venice, was the brave Carmagnola beheld, in the midst of the amazed and afflicted multitude.

The Gatherer.

Generosity of Wallenstein.—His donations on great occasions kept pace and proportion with his domestic liberality. When Isolani brought him into the camp before Nuremburgh two Swedish standards, he gave him a repeat, 4,000 dollars, and a charger. Learning in the morning that Isolani had lost the whole sum at play in the course of the night, he sent him by a page 2,000 ducats more. Isolani wished to thank him: he turned the conversation from the subject to that of the reported approach of a Swedish

convoy. Isolani took sudden leave, and returned in a few days with the Swedish wagons and 400 prisoners.—*Quarterly Review.*

Wallenstein.—Temperate in his diet, simple in his dress, in all those things of luxury and expenditure which less common to his own person, and the enjoyment of which the rich man must share with others, his habits were indeed princely. His own garments of sober brown or ash-colour distinguished him from the brilliant throng of nobles and gentlemen who were proud to do him service as chamberlains, &c. The taste of the painter, the architect, and the designer, found in him a Medicean patron.—*Ibid.*

Importance of Schoolmasters.—One of the surest signs of the regeneration of society will be the elevation of the art of teaching to the highest rank in the community. When a people shall learn that its greatest benefactors and most important members are men devoted to the liberal instruction of all its classes, to the work of raising to life its buried intellect, it will have opened to itself the path of true glory. This truth is making its way.—*Channing.*

Of Johnson it might be said, as he often delighted to say of Burke, "that you could not stand five minutes with that man beneath a shed while it rained but you must be convinced you had been standing with the greatest man you had ever seen."

Sea-going.—He that cannot eat anything dressed in any way, at any time, out of anything—and this under the sight of any one, the effect of any smell, the sound of any word, and the feeling of any motion, shall not go to sea.

Str John Leslie, Professor of Natural Philosophy at Edinburgh, was often known to pass an afternoon with mere boys, conversing with them just as if they had been his equals in age and attainments.

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